# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

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## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

*For The Port Folio.*

### TRAVELS.

*LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.*

*Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.*

(*Continued from page* 275.)

### LETTER XIV.

My dear E——,

NISMES, when a Roman town, had been a place of such opulence, or so particularly favoured by the Government, that water for the accommodation of its inhabitants was brought from two fountains, at the distance of nearly sixty miles. It was carried along, as you may suppose, in the way made use of in your neighbourhood to convey water to an overshot wheel; but on its arrival at the river Gardon, it was necessary that an acqueduct should be constructed, in order to connect the opposite hills. This acqueduct, which is still entire, is what is called the Pont du Gard, and is supposed to be one of the most magnificent remains of former times: it is composed of three arcades in the handsomest style of architecture, built one above the other to the height of one hundred and sixty feet, and on the top is a channel of two feet and a half in breadth, by a perpendicular wall of three, along which the water flowed. This channel was formerly covered, but the flat stones, which formed the covering, have been thrown off near one of the extremities, and I walked into it for about twenty steps; the extreme length of the whole building from hill to hill, is a little more than eight hundred and twenty feet. It would seem like affectation, or at least like exaggeration, if I were to pretend to express to you, what I felt upon the near approach of this noble monument of Roman taste and magnificence; we remained in the neighbourhood of it for sometime, and took the last look at it with regret: I here fell in by chance, with a peasant from the village of La Chapelle, from which Mons. de la Chapelle, of whom you have often heard me speak, took his title, and in the neigh-

bourhood of which he held a large estate. I was glad to hear this peasant speak so affectionately of his former Seigneur, whose absence, and subsequent misfortunes he seemed sincerely to deplore; that a kind-hearted, liberal man, possessed of great riches both in France and St. Domingo, should live to be beholden to a former slave of his for a dinner, and that slave to be the keeper of a prison where white men were confined, is one among the many instances of the vicissitudes of human affairs, which should make us tremble for ourselves.*

We might here have shortened our distance, by taking the road which led to the Pont de St. Esprit, but Avignon was not to be overlooked, and we accordingly proceeded in that direction; we now continued to ascend a high and bleak ridge; the land became poor, and the vineyards thinly scattered. To the stout horses and oxen of the fertile plain we had quitted, succeeded small mules and asses, one of which last, I saw yoked to the same plough with a miserable cow. We also saw large flocks of sheep, with a moveable hut for the shepherd, and guarded by stout dogs, whose necks were armed for battle against the wolves. At length, after a long and tedious ascent the valley of the Rhone began to open to our view; a valley thickly interspersed with every mark of human industry and prosperity, and a river so often mentioned in history, and proceeding from the very spot towards which we were bending our steps. In addition to this prospect there stood, commanding our attention on the back ground, a long chain of the distant Alps in all their sublimity of height, and of snow, as old as the world itself. After a few miles, the prospect of the valley became enlarged, Villeneuve was at our feet, then came the Rhone, then a small island, next the stately ruins of an ancient bridge, and in the midst of meadows, vineyards, and gardens, the venerable city of Avignon, so famed for its numerous steeples and for the palace of its former sovereign, and still defended, in appearance, by its ancient walls. I must now refer you to the history of Jane of Naples, whom of all the bad women of former times, you will be perhaps least disposed to imitate. Read how she came to give this country to the See of Rome, and how the Popes kept their court there during the celebrated schism, which contributed so much to prepare the minds of men for the reformation: it was a favourite measure with Louis XIV to take Avignon away from the Pope, whenever he was displeased with the measures of the court of Rome, and you may perceive in the letters of Madame de Sevignè, how pleased she used to be, that her daughter should act the vice Queen for a time, and that Mons. de Grignan should retrieve his circumstances out of the revenues of the country; read also, if you can, some account of the shocking scenes which took place in this venerable city, and in the neighbourhood during the fever of the revolution; figure to yourself too, that it was here that a division of Hannibal's army crossed, whilst the main body amused the simple barbarians about twenty miles lower down, and you will now be able to conceive how interesting the view was as we descended the eminence above Villeneuve about an hour before sunset. On our arrival at the side of the river I was glad to have an opportunity of showing —— —— how visibly the sea had retreated from the spot we stood on, for the whole bank had been evidently a bed of oysters.

The inn at Avignon was the best we had ever been in, and the furniture the most splendid: the room we sat in being hung with crimson silk damask and with curtains of the same materials; it would have been a good place to have staid a day at,

* This good humoured and kind-hearted man was afterwards put to death by order of Dessalines.

had we not been desirous of overtaking ——— ———, and it was urged to us as an inducement that we might so easily visit Vaucluse, a name more familiar to you, I believe, than Jane of Naples; as I never possessed the Italian language well, I can never have been capable of doing justice to Petrarch, and that I presume, is the reason why I had no great desire to visit Vaucluse. His love for Laura, the ruling passion to appearance, of his life, seems if not affected at least misplaced; it by no means contributed to her reputation, and seems to have been fatal to her peace of mind; and what man really in love, would ever talk of rivulets being stopped by his sighs, or swelled by his tears? He had the great merit, however, of reviving a taste for ancient literature, and his letter to Rienzi, when at the summit of power at Rome, is excellent, and contains advice which a much greater man of modern times might listen to with advantage.

I saw but little of Avignon, as you may suppose, but what I saw pleased and interested me; there were but few carriages in the streets, but a great many good houses, and several pretty women: if you wish to know anything of the manufactories of the place, or of the agriculture in its neighbourhood, there are books enough which you may consult, and particularly Arthur Young: the few people I conversed with seemed to regret former times, and to lament the degradation which had befallen their splendid churches: Jourdan Coupe-tête who converted the Glaciere into a receptacle of slaughtered victims, and gave up one of the finest districts in all France to fire and sword, was a little fat man, with a red face, and a most ferocious countenance.

If you have traced us on the map, you must have seen that our course had generally been a little to the North-East, it now, on our leaving Avignon became due North, for we followed the direction of the river on our way through Orange to Montelimar; the country we travelled through seemed to owe everything to a judicious irrigation, and there are fields of clover, in addition to the vines and olives we had been accustomed to. From time to time, there was a view of mountains, on our right, and on our left was the river, which appeared low, but which had left very evident traces of former freshes. Orange is a small, but very ancient town, and once distinguished by many monuments of Roman taste and magnificence. Of these there remains but one solitary arch, formerly a gate of the town, perhaps, but in great preservation, and ornamented in a very superiour style with naval and military emblems. The common opinion of the country is, that it was a triumphal arch erected in honour of Marius's victory over the Ambrones; but it is neither probable that such a memorial would have been erected so far from the field of battle, which is known to have been at Aix, or that Marius, or any of his party could have found architects capable of such a performance.

## POLITE LITERATURE.

## LETTERS FROM BRUTUS.

### *LETTER IV.*

*To His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales.*

SIR,

In absolute monarchies, all communication of sentiment between the Sovereign and the people is cut off by the terrours of despotism. Personal familiarity, indeed, the Prince may allow to a few favoured individuals, more safely than in freer governments, because the distance of political situation prevents all danger of that want of reverence and respect which is fatal to dignity. In monarchies more limited, the Sovereign and his family rely on the confidence and affection of the people; a fealty of a more generous and valuable kind, which the higher rank deserves by its virtues, and the

lower yields from a reasonable and independent conviction of them. Flattery it is in the power of slaves to bestow, but fame is the gift only of freemen.

When I advance these truths to a Prince of the House of Brunswick, I cannot be in danger of his displeasure; and I know too well the peculiar condescension of him whom I now take the liberty of addressing to doubt his acceptance of that honest tribute which I offer him, of approbation mixed with counsel, of attachment to his person and his family, joined to a wish and a hope that his conduct may always deserve it. With a peculiar complacency of disposition you have thrown aside the distance of rank and the reserve of royalty; you have opened not only the actions of your publick, but the habits of your private life, to the view of the people; and disdaining to impose on them by the weight of your name or the parade of your dignity, have conciliated their affections by the charms of your appearance and the graces of your manner. If there has been sometimes a small degree of errour or excess in this affability and condescension, we are disposed rather to regret than to censure it; we regret the accident of its misapplication, but we are not inclined to blame the exercise of it in you. The sunshine that gives to the breeze its health and to the fields their verdure, breeds at the same time the useless weed and noxious exhalation. We complain of the weed and the exhalation, but he must be a peevish misanthrope indeed who quarrels with the sunshine.

Sober reasoners, however, may perhaps dispute the justice of my simile, they will tell us of the difference between the seeming imperfections of the natural, and the real imperfections of the moral world, and point out the latter as subjects of correction and amendment, which it is the province of wisdom to discover and of goodness to remove. In the instance alluded to, your talents are equal to the discovery, and your prudence as well as virtue, they trust, will prompt the correction. There are persons on whom your favour and friendship are bestowed, whom, even amid the adulation with which it is the misfortune of princes to be deceived, you will easily discover to be unworthy of that favour and friendship. You have mixed enough with the world to be able to judge of men; and, in this country, the channel of publick opinion is sufficiently open to the highest personages, even without the advantage of your accessibility to obtain it. The people have too much reverence for your name to apply their common traditionary adages to the effects of society upon character; but though the communication may not hurt you, it affects the publick, doubly affects it, if the unworthy are brought forward into place and distinctions and the deserving excluded from stations which they ought to have filled.

We know, Sir, at the same time, and make allowance for that society which naurally fastens itself on a young man's freer hours; and do not expect that, amid amusement or festivity, there should always be an unexceptionable selection of his companions or his guests. There is a distinction which will readily be made between that circle with which men of high rank and important stations unbend their leisure, and that with which they trust their serious moments. "Nobody, said the Frenchman, is a hero to his *valet de chambre*;" and he who should attempt it would be very little of a hero to any one else. But the valet de chambre who dresses, or the idle companion who amuses a great man, are mere appendages of his private dressing-room or parlour, with whom, if they keep in their proper place, the publick has nothing to do, and after whom it will never inquire. But if they counsel him in important affairs, if they lead him in momentous or delicate situations, he must be accountable for his misplaced and pre-

posterous attachment, and the publick which it injures will be entitled to complain of its effects. Nothing has been more fatal to princes than this predilection for weak and unworthy men; and the history of mankind is one continued lesson of the danger to greatness in being made the dupe of its private attachments, when they are not restrained by prudence nor regulated by virtue.

The annals of our own country are not silent on that subject. You, Sir, I believe, have heard them quoted in excuse, if not in compliment, of some youthful levities for which the good-humour of Englishmen is glad to find an apology. Eastcheap has been cited for the credit of Parliament-street, and Gadshill drawn into precedent for the honour of Newmarket; but if there is any scholiast on Shakspeare who has the *entree* to your library, let him not forget the expression of "*unyoked* idleness" which the youthful Henry indulged with his associates. There was an extravagance in the pranks of Falstaff and Poins that might impeach the dignity, but did not taint the character of their illustrious companion. The excursive sallies of the Prince were made into the regions of absurdity, foreign to that place which his birth entitled him to hold, or those duties which it called on him to perform; his follies hung upon him like a masking dress which the mummery of the hour put on, and the serious occupations of his own person and character laid aside. Your companions, Sir, if not all of a higher rank than Harry Monmouth's, had in general deeper and more important designs. They did not, amid the jovialness of wine or the gayety of pleasure, doff the cares of life, or mock the toils of ambition. Theirs was not always the honest, joyous vacancy of thoughtless mirth; like the Athenian heroes, beneath the roses of the feast they hid the arms of their ambition; but they did not, like the Athenian heroes, use them against the enemies of their country.

One particular juncture there was which might have afforded an apology for men of less foresight than them, to think of using the connexion which youth and inexperience had formed to purposes of interest and advancement; when the diadem hovered over the head of their patron, and when indeed, but for some errour in their political measures, its power and authority might have been his. That juncture was attended with circumstances of so extraordinary a kind as to form an era in the political history of the kingdom. When disease and infirmity invaded the throne, the distress of the Sovereign was felt as a private calamity, which interested the feelings of every individual, without relation to his political rights, or the political interests of the community; not only the loyalty of subjects, but the affection, the sympathy of men were excited by this calamity. In this calamity they looked to you, Sir, with feelings of a similar kind, ready to acknowledge the publick merits of the Prince, or the private virtues of the son. In distress, men's hearts are easily won: if you failed to win them, it must have been owing to some imprudence in that surrounding circle, through the medium of whose character the characters of princes are always seen. It could not be owing to any fault in your own disposition, gracious at all times, and then peculiarly called on to exercise the best qualities of your nature—kindness, compassion, filial attention, and filial reverence. The thoughtless and unprincipled dissipation of some of that circle, might have, at such a period, been supposed to watch the bed of sickness with malignant expectation, to scoff at the distress of those around it, and to make matter for wretched and scurril jests of the most severe of all human afflictions. In a publick view they might have been supposed to have catched, with a blind and rapacious eagerness, this opportunity of gratifying their avarice or ambition; in the triumph of sudden elevation,

to have forgot decency; and, in the insolence of anticipated power, to have despised moderation. Bankrupt alike in fortune and in character, some of them might have been imagined capable of every extremity to which desperate circumstances and determined profligacy might excite; and have nothing to lose, and nothing to feel with the country, to have been equally unrestrained by prudence and by sentiment.

Your sentiments, Sir, and your deportment, we knew by our own. Struck with the solemn melancholy of the national distress, you felt it doubled in your own individual affliction. At the age when feeling is acute, when interest and ambition have hardly learned the value of their objects, you thought less of the publick dignity to which this calamitous event might call you, than of the private sorrow by which it was to be accompanied. Of political opinions, you adopted the most temperate; of political measures, you proposed the least violent: you did not wish to add to the depression of the publick by the fear of sudden change, or the dread of civil dissension. You knew that the influence and power which a different conduct might obtain were as unsafe to a prudent, as disagreeable to a good mind; that in the opposite scale were placed everything that wisdom or virtue in a Prince could desire; all the confidence, the love, the glory, which a generous people could offer to his acceptance.

To the joy of the nation, as to yours, Sir, this calamity "overpassed us like a summer cloud," and our fears were lost before we could well ascertain them. The country was freed from a situation of uncertainty and of danger that shook its credit and its quiet, and you were left, we hope, (and we know you hope) many years longer to the exercise of those engaging and amiable qualities that are hardly allowed to expand under the weight and pressure of state affairs.

In your present situation, Sir, you have many opportunities, which we are persuaded you will improve, of rendering essential service to your country. Your favour and example can encourage genuine patriotism, can promote publick honour and publick virtue; without the responsibility of official power, your patronage can call merit into action, and prompt the rewards of its exertions. Keep but the purity of your influence unsullied, preserve its dignity unimpaired, and you can weave the civick crown for the statesman, and the laurel wreath for the soldier.

In former times, of which some curious records are left us, the heir-apparent of the crown has been induced to lend himself to a factious cabal, to become a king of the "shreds and patches" of opposition, who prostituted his name to their own little purposes, who abused his confidence, and made a vile stewardship of his weakness for their own private advantage. To such arts greatness must always be liable; and it is, perhaps, rather a compliment to your good nature than an impeachment on your understanding, if we venture to caution you against them. In your situation you cannot know their effects; you cannot see them as we do in distant provinces, and amid the mass of the people. You know not what despicable associates the Cressy standard assembles, over what impurities the plumage of your crest is made to wave; yet popular prejudice will often lay these abuses to your charge, though in that encouragement, to which the easiness of your nature allows them, you cannot foresee the mischiefs they produce. The noblest tree of the forest is not always shaken by the winds, or scathed by the lightning of heaven; it suffers, ignobly suffers, from the vermin that shelter at its root.

In a private capacity, your humility will not probably allow you to suppose how much is in your power for the manners and the happiness of the community. With the ad-

vantages you derive from nature, with the accomplishments you have received from education, you have for sometime been acknowledged

"The glass of fashion and the mould of form;"

and there is a sort of dominion annexed to this idea, which, though of a lighter kind, is of greater extent and importance than some others which men are more solicitous to possess. I am no Cynick preacher, and will not suppose that, at your time of life, and with your temperament you are to regulate your conduct and deportment by the rules of cold-blooded age and sober wisdom. But there is a decorum in pleasure, a temperance even in dissipation, which, amid all the extravagance of the moment, marks the feeling of a man of sense and a gentleman; a something even about his idlest indulgences which speaks the folly to belong to him, and not him to the folly. The words, gentleman and man of fashion, will borrow their meaning, within a certain circle, from you; but there is an intrinsick sense of the terms which will still be the understanding of the people. Consider, Sir, that, with all the witchery of your manners and address, the sphere of your attraction is limited, the sphere of your fame extensive. Sacrifice a little to the judgment, or if your gayer friends will call it so, the prejudice of those whose judgment is one day to be so important to you. Remember that no power, even in the most arbitary governments, was ever equal to his who could wield at will the opinions of his subjects.

BRUTUS.

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*For The Port Folio.*

## POLITE LITERATURE.

By a gentleman and a scholar, who has formerly been a valued correspondent, we have been favoured with the subsequent speculation. It is intended as the first of a series. Employed on topicks of philological imports, it exhibits much acuteness of analysis, and may be very profitably perused, by those, who are in the pernicious habits of thinking at random, and of speaking and writing inaccurately. Nothing is more common in this, our young and unfashioned country, than to listen to winter evenings conversations, and to turn over innumerable pages, in which little appears in the shape of precision, perspicuity, or transparent good sense and meaning. A *bald, disjointed*, incoherent, rambling, and digressive style is a sort of fashion among the herd. Every attempt to correct such bad taste, to recommend good models of speech and writing, to investigate the causes, and indicate the cure of mental errour is eminently laudable, however it may be received by the prejudice of some, and the folly of others.

As the analysis of moral sentiment, tends to the development of those principles in our own nature, or in that of others, whereby we are made happy or miserable; and as in the prosecution of this analysis, the mind is at once the subject of investigation, and the investigating power; no path of inquiry seems more natural, or attractive to the philosopher. Accordingly, that some of the first advances of genius were made in this department of science, is evident, from the copiousness of early language in terms of moral discrimination. Indeed when with a view to their comparative affluence in these, we examine the ancient and modern languages, little advancement appears to have taken place for many ages. But this results from the assumption of language as the standard, for which it is not altogether competent: for though the existence of moral discriminating terms necessarily indicates a corresponding analysis of ideas; yet this analysis, is not always followed by this indication. For language can only be established, or extended, by the general consent of those, by whom it is employed: but general consent, requires general intelli-

gence; and this is limited by general, or common capacity. To this boundary then, of the common capacity, or common sense of mankind, it is not surprising that moral analysis should have attained at an early period, since so far the common efforts of mankind, would contribute to further it. Nor is it surprising, that after having reached the limits, thus assigned to it in the minds of men in general, its progress should in appearance be so small. I say in appearance, because of the real progress made in it by the minds of individuals, our means of judging are incompetent.

The results of chymical analysis, so far as they, or their effects are palpaple to the senses, must be susceptible of accurate descriptions; which must invariably awaken similar ideas. Hence the chymical analyst, is enabled by study to avail himself of almost all the useful conceptions of his predecessours; and commencing his career, where they finished, must go somewhat beyond them, if not destitute of genius. But it were as easy to describe sounds to the deaf, or colours to the blind, as to convey to crude minds the results of refined moral analysis: and even between such as possess an equal and superiour degree of refinement, how are the nice shades of difference, or the exact identity of their ideas, to be so palpably established, as to render it certain that the application of any common term, will not veil from future detection a fundamental discordancy of view, and thus lay the foundation of that nominal controversy, so frequent in metaphysicks. Hence it follows, that beyond what we glean from the common sense of mankind, we are almost wholly dependent on our own genius, for our progress in moral analysis.

It is a labyrinth wherein superiour minds are doomed to grope, without any other assistance from the lights of their predecessours or cotemporaries, than what may be afforded by a few indirect rays, which superiour sagacity may discover through the perverting medium of inadequate language.

Independently of these considerations, it would astonish us that those delicate springs of human nature which are the source of almost all that is good or bad, or happy or miserable in the world; should at this late period be so ill defined, that scarcely two can be found to accord in a definition of them; and more especially, as they have the objects of investigation among philosophers in all ages. But as I have already hinted, any superiour knowledge which may be gained by an individual in this path of inquiry, commences and ends with himself; as he can only receive, or communicate through an inadequate medium; the effects of which are limited by that common standard of intelligence, whence it arises.

It must, however, be observed, that though the diversified and intricate movements of the human soul, are not susceptible of accurate description, yet that they admit of accurate representation: and we must allow, that though the refined conceptions which may be attained by an individual, in regard to human nature, cannot be so recorded as invariably to awaken similar ideas, even in minds of equal capacity, yet that the facts which gave rise to such

conceptions, by being preserved in the historick or biographick page; may become the seed of knowledge to every fertile mind. Hence it is not in the books of metaphysicians that we obtain a knowledge of our moral nature, but by observation of the world as displayed to our own eyes, or as represented in history, biography, or the drama. The latter, when executed by a skilful hand, affords by far the most efficient instruction, as the shades of character, though within what is possible in nature, are heightened beyond what we meet in ordinary life, and, of course, speak more forcibly to the mind. In this view, Shakspeare is, of all moralists, one of the most profound, interesting, and instructive. It is not by furnishing refined definitions of the principles of human nature, that he enables us to conceive them justly, but by the display of their characteristick effects, in the genuine impulses and language of the soul.

Hence it is rare to find any one addicted to moral analysis, who does not bow with veneration before this superiour genius, the full extent of whose greatness, can only be felt by such as may, in some degree, boast of a portion of his fire.

But when contemplating the stupendous monument of moral knowledge, raised by this individual, with such slight assistance from the works of others, do we not find confirmation for the belief, that in this science the mind is dependent for superiority on innate fertility and refinement: for otherwise Shakspeare, comparatively so illiterate, could not have produced a picture of human nature, so just, so variegated, and profoundly analytick.

## MISCELLANY.

### *A Letter from a Distinguished English Commoner, &c.*

(*Concluded from page* 287.)

All this, my lord, I know very well, will pass for nothing with those who wish that the popish clergy should be illiterate, and in a situation to produce contempt and detestation. Their minds are wholly taken up with party squabbles, and I have neither leisure nor inclination to apply any part of what I have to say, to those who never think of religion, or of the commonwealth, in any other light, than as they tend to the prevalence of some faction in either. I speak on a supposition, that there is a disposition to take the state in the condition in which it is found, and to improve it in that state to the best advantage. Hitherto, the plan for the government of Ireland has been, to sacrifice the civil prosperity of the nation to its religious improvement. But if people in power there, are at length come to entertain other ideas, they will consider the good order, decorum, virtue, and morality of every description of men among them, as of infinitely greater importance, than the struggle (for it is nothing better) to change those descriptions by means which put to hazard, objects, which, in my poor opinion, are of more importance to religion and to the state, than all the polemical matter which has been agitated among men from the beginning of the world to this hour.

On this idea, an education fitted to each order and division of men, such as they are found, will be thought an affair rather to be encouraged than discountenanced: and until institutions at home, suitable to the occasions and necessities of the people, and which are armed, as they are abroad, with authority to coerce the young men to be formed in them, by a strict and severe discipline,—the means they have, at present, of a cheap and effectual education in other countries, should not continue to be

prohibited by penalties and modes of inquisition, not fit to be mentioned to ears that are organized to the chaste sounds of equity and justice. Before I had written thus far, I heard of a scheme of giving to the castle the patronage of the presiding members of the catholick clergy. At first I could scarcely credit it: for I believe it is the first time that the presentation of other people's alms has been desired in any country. If the state provides a suitable maintenance and temporality for those governing members, and clergy under them, I should think the project, however improper in other respects, to be by no means unjust. But to deprive a poor people, who maintain a second set of clergy, out of the miserable remains of what is left after taxing and tything—to deprive them of the disposition of their own charities among their own communion, would, in my opinion, be an intolerable hardship. Never were the members of one religious sect fit to appoint the pastors to another. Those who have no regard for their welfare, reputation, or internal quiet, will not appoint such as are proper. The seraglio of Constantinople is as equitable as we are, whether catholicks or protestants: and where their own sect is concerned, full as religious. But the sport which they make of the miserable dignities of the Greek church, the little factions of the *Haram*, to which they make them subservient, the continual sale to which they expose and reexpose the same dignity, and by which they squeeze all the inferiour orders of the clergy, is (for I have had particular means of being acquainted with it) nearly equal to all the other oppressions together, exercised by mussulmen over the unhappy members of the Oriental church. It is a great deal to suppose that even the present castle would nominate bishops for the Roman church of Ireland, with a religious regard for its welfare. Perhaps they cannot, perhaps they dare not do it.

But suppose them as well inclined as I know that I am, to do them all kind of justice, I declare I would not, if it were in my power, take it on myself:—I know I ought not to do it. I belong to another community, and it would be intolerable usurpation in me to affect such authority, where I conferred no benefit, or even if I did confer (as in some degree the seraglio does) temporal advantages. But, allowing that the present castle finds itself fit to administer the government of a church which they solemnly forswear, and forswear with very hard words, and many evil epithets, and that as often as they qualify themselves for the power which is to give this very patronage, or to give anything else that they desire; yet they cannot insure themselves that a man like the late Lord Chesterfield will not succeed to them. This man, while he was duping the credulity of papists with fine words in private, and commending their good behaviour during a rebellion in Great Britain, (as it well deserved to be commended and rewarded) was capable of urging penal laws against them in a speech from the throne, and stimulating with provocatives the wearied and half-exhausted bigotry of the then parliament of Ireland. They set to work, but they were at a loss what to do; for they had already almost gone through every contrivance which could waste the vigour of their country: but after much struggle, they produced a child of their old age, the shocking and unnatural act about marriages, which tended to finish the scheme for making the people not only two distinct parties forever, but keeping them as two distinct species in the same land. Mr. G——r's humanity was shocked at it,* as one of the worst parts of that truly barbarous system, if one could well settle the preference, where almost all the parts were outrages on the rights of humanity, and the laws of nature.

Suppose an atheist, playing the part of a bigot, should be in power

again in that country, do you believe that he would faithfully and religiously administer the trust of appointing pastors to a church, which wanting every other support, stands in tenfold need of ministers who will be dear to the people committed to their charge, and who will exercise a really paternal authority among them? but if the superiour power was always in a disposition to dispense conscientiously, and like an upright trustee and guardian of these rights, which he holds for those with whom he is at variance, has he the capacity and means of doing it? how can the lord lieutenant form the least judgment of their merits, so as to discern which of the popish priests is fit to be made a bishop? It cannot be: the idea is ridiculous.—He will hand them over to the lords lieutenant of counties, justices of the peace, and other persons, who, for the purpose of vexing and turning to derision this miserable people, will pick out the worst and most obnoxious they can find among the clergy, to set over the rest. Whoever is complainant against his brother, will be considered as persecuted: whoever is censured by his superiour, will be looked upon as oppressed: whoever is careless in his opinions, and loose in his morals, will be called a liberal man, and will be supposed to have incurred hatred, because he was not a bigot. Informers, tale-bearers, perverse and obstinate men, flatterers, who turn their back upon their flock, and court the protestant gentlemen of the country, will be the objects of preferment. And then I run no risk in foretelling, that whatever order, quiet, and morality you have in the country, will be lost. A popish clergy, who are not restrained by the most austere subordination, will become a nuisance, a real publick grievance of the heaviest kind, in any country that entertains them: and instead of the great benefit which Ireland does, and has long derived from them, if they are educated without any idea of discipline and obedience, and then put under bishops, who do not owe their station to their good opinion, and whom they cannot respect, that nation will see disorders, of which, bad as things are, it has yet no idea. I do not say this as thinking the leading men in Ireland would exercise this trust worse than others. Not at all. No man, no set of men living are fit to administer the affairs, or regulate the interiour economy of a church to which they are enemies.

As to government, if I might recommend a prudent caution to them,—it would be, to innovate as little as possible, upon speculation, in establishments, from which, as they stand, they experience no material inconvenience to the repose of the country,—*quieta non movere*—I could say a great deal more; but I am tired; and am afraid your Lordship is tired too. I have not sat to this letter a single quarter of an hour without interruption. It has grown long, and probably contains many repetitions, from my total want of leisure to digest and consolidate my thoughts: and as to my expressions, I could wish to be able perhaps to measure them more exactly. But my intentions are fair, and I certainly mean to offend nobody.

Thinking over this matter more maturely, I see no reason for altering my opinion in any part. The act, as far as it goes, is good undoubtedly. It amounts, I think, very nearly to a toleration, with respect to religious ceremonies; but it puts a new bolt on civil rights, and rivets it, I am afraid, to the old one, in such a manner, that neither, I fear, will be easily loosened. What I could have wished would be, to see the civil advantages take the lead; the other, I conceive, would follow (in a manner) of course.

For what I have observed, it is pride, arrogance, and a spirit of domination, and not a bigoted spirit of religion, that has caused and kept up those oppressive statutes. I am sure I have known those who have op-

pressed papists in their civil rights exceedingly indulgent to them in their religious ceremonies, and who wished them to continue, in order to furnish pretences for oppression, and who never saw a man (by converting) escape out of their power, but with grudging and regret. I have known men to whom I am not uncharitable in saying, (though they are dead) that they would become papists in order to oppress protestants; if, being protestants, it was not in their power to oppress papists. It is injustice, and not a mistaken conscience, that has been the principle of persecution, at least as far as it has fallen under my observation. However, as I began, so I end. I do not know the map of the country. Mr. G——r, who conducts this great and difficult work, and those who support him, are better judges of the business than I can pretend to be, who have not set my foot in Ireland these sixteen years. I have been given to understand, that I am not considered as a friend to that country: and I know that pains have been taken to lessen the credit that I might have had there.

I am so convinced of the weakness of interfering in any business, without the opinion of the people in whose business I interfere, that I do not know how to acquit myself of what I have now done—I have the honour to be, with high regard and esteem,

My Lord,
Your Lordship's obedient,
And humble servant, &c.

* * * * * *

*For The Port Folio.*

## CLASSICAL LEARNING.

(*Continued from page* 281.)

*Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes.*

Sophocles had the advantage of the experience of Æschylus, and ventured to introduce more than two actors at the same time. The language of Sophocles is in imitation of nature, but nature elevated and straining to excel itself. It is surprising that Aristotle, who was so great a critick, should have made the perfection of poetry to consist in the imitation of nature. If this were admitted strictly, every dramatick performance would abound in dulness and improprieties, as nature affords many insipid scenes, and uninteresting actors. Select parts of nature properly adorned, and decently elevated, so as not to surpass credibility, are most proper for poetry. Indeed it were easy to produce instances, from dramatick poets of the greatest name, of exceeding nature, but the desire men have of being entertained, renders them less nice on many occasions. The character of the poet is more considered than that of the persons he represents, and there is too great a sameness in the language attributed to very different persons. We do not mean to confine this remark to Sophocles. It may be extended to all dramatick poets, as well as to the writers of pastorals. It seems strange to us to find in Sophocles, whole lines of insignificant sounds. These were supposed by the Greeks to be the most natural expression of the extremity of grief. The sorrows of heroes and distinguished persons, occasioned by faults common to men, were chosen as fit subjects of tragedy, by the most early writers, whose example has become a law to succeeding ages. Sophocles was one of the magistrates of Athens, though the purity of his manners was called in question by his cotemporaries. His Oedipus Tyrannus is considered as his master-piece. It is strange that the ancients were so much affected with the story of Oedipus, which is apt to excite horrour as well as pity; but it is probable they intended to represent that the duties of children to their parents are of so sacred a nature, that Providence punishes even the unwilling and involuntary breach of them in an awful manner. But their notion in many things differed very much from ours. It is certain, for example, that they had not the same notion of the propriety of theatrical action; a distant resemblance between the actor and the person whom he represented, appears to be all that they sought. The largeness of their theatres, which held many thousands of people, their actors having their heads covered with a mask, and their stature artificially raised by high heeled shoes, but most of all, their speaking through a brass pipe in order to render their voices audible at a distance, evince that they did not expect to convey to the spectators a very exact idea of the persons whom they represented. What appears still more singular to us, is that one actor was often employed to deliver the speech, and another to personate the action of the hero, and it was the last commonly that obtained the greatest applause. On this account

the word most commonly used to signify acting is that which usually signifies dancing. It is uncertain at what time pantomimes were invented, but this division of the parts of the actor had a tendency to introduce it. Sophocles was suspected of insanity towards the end of his life, on account of his close application to his studies. His heirs wanted to restrain him from the management of his estate, and brought him before the judges for that end. Instead of making any formal defence, he repeated his Oedipus Coloneas, the last performance he had been employed about, and asked them whether they thought that that was the work of a madman. The judges not only refused the request of his heirs, but declared their approbation of his performance, and continued him in the management of his estate.

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EURIPIDES was the most voluminous of the Greek tragedians, his performances amounting nearly to the number of both those of Æschylus and Sophocles. His works are correct notwithstanding their numbers, and he profited by the example of his predecessours. He was cotemporary with Socrates, when it was supposed that the Grecian stage had attained the highest degree of refinement. From the practice of Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, the criticks have laid down rules for the writers of tragedy, and formed their notion of the standard of that sort of composition. The three unities, of time, place, and action, with little variation, have been observed by these poets and imposed on all their successours. The prologue and epilogue were considered, the first as an introduction of the subject, and the last as an inference from it, and spoken commonly by some of the persons of the drama. The notion of poetical justice, (the device of bungling modern criticks) was utterly unknown to the ancients. As they intended that the stage should be a representation of the world, a little dressed and trimmed for show, they observed, that some men are unhappy though virtuous, or guilty only of venial faults, whence we are not to wonder that many of the plays of Euripides end unhappily. The celebrated George Buchanan translated the Medea and Alcestes of Euripides into Latin verse, but none of his pieces have been rendered into English.

—

ARISTOPHANES is the only ancient comedian, whose works have descended to our times. Eleven of his plays are still extant. In the old comedy the persons who were censured were named and openly exposed on the stage. Horace considers Eupolis, Cratinus and Aristophanes as the principle authours of the old comedy, and those who gave the first draught of satyrick writing. The style of Aristophanes is indelicate and was reckoned so even by his own cotemporaries, though by no means so indecent as many of the English writers of comedies. As comedy was applied to ridiculous subjects, the criticks have not been quite so strict in laying down rules for the composition of it, only they subject comick writers to the law of the three unities, as well as the writers of tragedy. The general rules of decorum, and representing every person as saying what would be proper for them, and expected from them, belong to both kinds of composition. The Greeks of the age of Aristophanes thought themselves the politest people in the world, and possessed of the most delicate taste, but how shall we reconcile to this, their admitting birds and frogs as dramatis personæ on their stage, for these are the titles of two of Aristophanes's comedies. This poet is not destitute of genius, but his taste and manners have been called in question. His opposition to Socrates procured him a worse character than he deserved, but as his comedy of the clouds, which he composed on this occasion, is still extant, as well as Xenophon and Plato's defence of their master, the present age have an opportunity of judging fairly of this question. Socrates's manner of disputing on both sides of every question, appears to have exposed him to the raillery of Apistophanes, and those who read both sides of the question will scarce think that the consequences of the doctrine of Socrates are much exaggerated in the performance of Aristophanes. The danger of skepticism to youth in a subject too serious for the subject of a comedy, but that the doctrine and practice of Socrates had no small tendency that way can scarce be denied, especially when we consider the various and abandoned character of his favourite pupil Alcibiades. Although the tide of popular favour turned against Aristophanes, after Socrates's death, yet we do not find that the Athenians ever threatened to punish him for his abuse of Socrates. The performances of this poet are so little to the taste of the moderns, that not one of them have been translated into English, except his comedy against Socrates, which you may read entire in Stanley's Lives of the Philosophers. Mr. Foote attempted lately to revive the old comedy in England by introducing well-known and living characters in his petty pieces, but all the effect of this was to procure himself the name of Aristophanes.

## MORTUARY.

*Pallida mors aeque pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,*
*Regumque turres.* HOR.

On Thursday, we performed the painful duty of announcing the death of the deeply lamented Maj. JAMES HENDERSON ELLIOT, the only son of *Maj. Gen. Simon Elliot*, of this town. His remains were entombed on Saturday with military honours, amid an immense concourse of spectators. The procession moved from the house of the deceased's father, in Federal-street, down Milk-street, through Kilby, up State-street, Corn-hill, and Marlborough-street, through Frog-lane, to the Common burying ground and family vault—and was arranged in the following order.

Cadets,
As Military Escort,
Under the command of Maj. Wm. Sullivan.
*Musick.*

| *Pall Holders.* | | CORPSE. | | *Pall Holders.* |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | *Major* TILDEN. | | *Major* DAVIS. | |
| | *Major* PHILIPS. | | *Major* MESSINGER. | |
| | *Major* THAYER. | | *Col.* APTHORP. | |

Mourners.
Generals WINSLOW, GARDNER, DONNISON and DAVIS,
And other Staff and Field Officers of the First Division in Uniform.
The Serjeants and Privates of the *Boston Light Infantry*, and *Winslow Blues*, in Uniform as Individuals.
Particular Friends.
Citizens.
Female Relatives and Friends, in carriages.
His Excellency
The Commander in Chief,
in his carriage.
Attending carriages.

When an individual, undistinguished from the multitude, passes from the stage of action, it is an event, which from its frequency, excites only the sympathies of his domestick circle; for the publick has no hopes, and little interest in such a being; but when one, just stepping on the threshold of life, possessed of every charm in person and manners; and every qualification of mind and understanding, which could gratify the pride of his family, and rivet the attachment of his friends; surrounded with every circumstance which could brighten hope; and endued with powers, which might have rendered him splendidly useful in any civil, or military capacity, is removed from terrestrial existence, it excites no vulgar sorrow, no common regret; but is a subject of deep and general concern. Such men are not born for themselves; they are the property of their country; and in times of danger its last and best hope. They despise the petty occurrences of life; and rarely succeed in its ordinary avocations. High-minded men require uncommon events to stimulate them to action. It will be recollected that the late Mr. PITT made no figure in his profession. Although he was poor, the lofty spirit of his pride, would not permit him to stoop to the humble labours and low drudgery of the first stages of the law-practice. Had it not been for our revolutionary contest; in all probability, HAMILTON would have been a city *attorney*, and WASHINGTON would have remained a country *corn-planter*.

Major ELLIOT had entered his twenty-sixth year. He was early designed for publick life, and his education was directed to that end. He received a master's degree from Harvard University, 1805, at which time he also completed his professional studies under the present Chief Justice of this Commonwealth. While a student he was distinguished, for the finest person, as the best bred gentleman, and the most accomplished oratour among his cotemporaries.

Soon after Major ELLIOT was admitted to the bar, he was seized with a pulmonary complaint, which rendered it advisable to assay, for a winter residence, a more genial climate. This afforded temporary relief; but with returning Winter, his disease returned with augmented violence, and has removed him, as we confidently trust, "to another and a better world." His face was of the Roman cast, strongly marked; and commandingly beautiful; his person was tall and elegant; and manners polished and graceful; his taste was highly cultivated; he had treasured up much general information from miscellaneous and desultory reading, and his colloquial powers were unusually happy. He was generous, brave, and magnanimous; he had nothing in his composition, low, or popular; there was nothing in him, which the great vulgar, or the small, could estimate. He loved virtue, and admired greatness. As he had lived without guile in his mouth, or malice in his heart, he feared not to die. Nothing but disgrace and dishonour, had any terrours for his mind. In his religious opinions there was no intolerance. He believed that the Supreme Being

"Views with equal eye, as God of all,"

every denomination of his children, who worship him in sincerity and in truth. He never descended to the little arts by which

many "*make acquaintance,*" and *find their way in the world.* He would not stoop to conquer, for "he was fashioned to much honour." He was

"Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not;
"But to the friends who sought him, sweet as summer."

His loss to his family is irreparable; and the breach occasioned by his death in the circle of friendship, will not be soon healed—but alas! he is gone forever!

"Peace to the mem'ry of a man of worth."

[Boston Gazette.

## VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! but do not stay.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

## LINES

BY WILLIAM PRESTON,

*On the lamented and untimely death of his son, William Preston the younger, who was killed at the battle of Delhi, in the twenty-first year of his age.*

With every tide, with every wind,
I watch'd the tardy sail from *Ind;*
While, still reviving, still delay'd,
Hope on the sicken'd spirit prey'd,
I caught, with fond impatience wild,
At every rumour of my child.—
At length it comes—the tardy sail
With news of carnage loads the gale.
Oh stroke, that I must long deplore!—
My son, my WILLIAM, is no more—
Among th' heroick slain he lies—
And who has heard his parting sighs?
As, sinking on the plain, he bled,
What hand sustain'd his drooping head?
What pious accents cheer'd his death?
What friend receiv'd his parting breath?

In pomp decay'd, where Delhi's wall
Appears to mourn an empire's fall,
Where palaces, their splendour gone,
Are tottering o'er th' imperial throne,
And monuments of Timur's race
Are mould'ring thro' the dreary space.
Oh, welt'ring to the torrid sky,
How many youthful corses lie,
So late the gallant and the brave,
Now, wretched earth denied a grave!
Where Jumna, spreading o'er the plain,
Beholds his current choak'd with slain,
The fatal field with gore is red.—
What tongue laments the valiant dead?
What eyelids pour the pitying tear?
What hands the funeral pile uprear?
The vulture's scream, and eagle's cries—
Are these, my son, thy obsequies?—
Oh, far remote, unheard and low,
From drooping eyes the sorrows flow.
While rapine wild, and faithless deed
Ordain the victim host to bleed,
The gentle sister, constant wife,
The parent fond must mourn the strife.

What airy phantoms had I chac'd!
What fond delusions fancy trac'd!
Forever hid in cheerless gloom!
Subsided all within the tomb!
To heights ideal I pursu'd
The fair endowments that I view'd,
And saw them win the virtuous praise,
Too rarely sought in modern days.
And sure, the talents of my son,
In arts and arms the palm had won,
Had Heaven enlarg'd his narrow span,
To full maturity of man.—
With judgment ripe beyond his age
He turn'd each bright immortal page.
In early youth, the classick hoard
His mind with high conceptions stor'd,
From precept and example brought
By sages, and by heroes taught—
He felt the pow'r of lofty rhyme,
To waken thoughts, and aims sublime,
The kindling eye, the conscious breast,
The forms of good and fair confess'd.
The produce of his youthful vein
Gave earnest of poetick strain,
And true to symmetry and grace,
His eye could just proportion trace
With glance, as rapid as his mind,
While Fancy all he saw combin'd,
And bade his artist hand portray
The charms that Nature's works display.

Oh how unlike the youth we meet,
That croud the theatre and street!
The vain, luxurious, heartless brood,
Without a *mark* or *likelihood*—
By Folly harness'd to her car,
The bane of peace, unapt for war:
He scorn'd the poor pursuits and plays,
The trivial aims of boyish days,
To feel the high heroick flame,
A manly rank with men to claim.
To feel each energy of thought,
For well he wrote, and bravely fought.
He did not live, his course to guide,
By precepts, classick lore supplied;
Yet, nobly prodigal of breath,
He learn'd from them contempt of death.

Scarce conscious where, I listless range,
In change of place, to find no change,
While every smiling cheek I view,
Bids all my sorrows rise anew;
And every face, that happy shows,
Appears to triumph in my woes.

Ev'n objects dearest to my heart,
With ev'ry charm, a pang impart.
Oft as I see the sun arise
The tear shall glisten in my eyes,
For him, that sought an orient clime,
To perish in the youthful prime,
And fancy still behold thy fall,
And still thy youthful form recall.—
Has life prolong'd her listless dream,
My son, to make thy death my theme,
To pour the weak enervate verse,
Unworthy off'ring, on thy hearse?
For me remains the mournful pride,
To think my son has bravely died,
That if he fell in youthful prime,
His name was never stain'd with crime.
And happier sure the parent's doom,
Whose son is honour'd in the tomb,
Than his who mourns a worthless race,
In life continued, for disgrace,
To link dishonour with a name,
And tinge a father's cheek with shame.

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The Season naturally inspires a wish to celebrate its character, particularly when we can obtain a classical encomium upon the most enchanting portion of the year.

ODE TO SPRING,

*Imitated from Horace, Lib. I. Ode 4.*

From cloudless skies on Zephyr's wing
Returns, in smiles, enchanting spring,
And smooths the brow of care;
Again the Sailor ploughs the main
The Shepherd's flocks adorn the plain,
And musick rends the air.

By yon refulgent orb serene,
The Graces with their blooming Queen
On frolick step advance,
And while immers'd in toil profound,
Dull Vulcan fires his forge around
They form the spritely dance.

Now is it meet in myrtle bowers,
To braid the virgin's locks with flowers,
That grace the perfum'd land;
And near yon consecrated grove,
To sacrifice a kid to Love
With unpolluted hand.

Time swiftly flies: resistless fate,
Forbids us, in this transient state,
To murmur at our lot:
Since Death, on rude impartial feet,
Explores alike the monarch's seat
As yon secluded cot.

And lo! arriv'd at Pluto's cell,
Condemn'd among his train to dwell
In shades of endless night;
No more shall Bacchus hold the bowl,
Or wit, or musick charm the soul
Or beauty's power delight.

---

SONG.

A plague of these musty old lubbers,
Who teach us to fast and to think,
And patient fall in with life's rubbers
With nothing but water to drink;
A can of good stuff had they swigg'd it,
Would have set them for pleasure agog,
And, spite of the rules,
The rules of the schools,
The old folks would have all of 'em swigg'd it,
And swore there was nothing like grog.

My father, when last I from Guinea,
Returned with abundance of wealth,
Cryed Jack, ne'er be such a ninny,
As to spend———Says I, Father, your health,
So I pass'd round the stuff, and he twigg'd it,
And it set the old codger agog;
And he swigg'd, and mother
And sister and brother
And I swigg'd, and all of us swigg'd it,
And swore their was nothing like grog.

One day when the Chaplain was preaching,
Behind him I cautiously shrunk,
And while he our duty was teaching,
As how we should never get drunk;
I tipped him the stuff, and he twigg'd it,
Which soon set his Reverence agog,
And he swigg'd, and Nick swigg'd,
And Ben swigg'd, and Dick swigg'd,
And I swigg'd, and all of us swigg'd it
And swore there was nothing like grog.

Then, trust me, there's nothing like drinking,
So pleasant on this side the grave,
It keeps the unhappy from thinking
And makes e'en the valiant more brave.
For me, from the moment I twigg'd it,
The good stuff so set me agog,
Sick or well, late or early
Wind fouly or fairly
I've constantly swigg'd it,
And, dammee, there's nothing like grog.

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